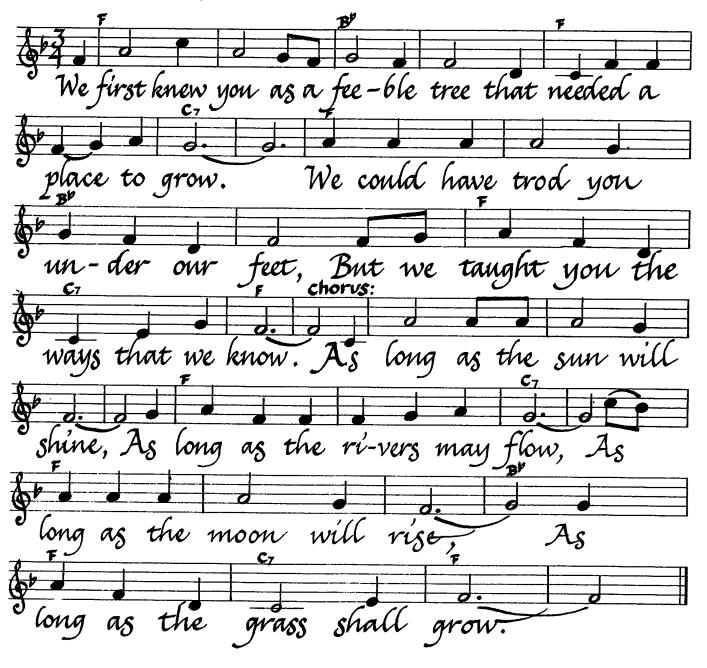
## As Long as the Grass Shall Grow

## words e-music by Twilo Scofield © 1977 Twilo Scofield

I have included no Native-American ballads out of respect for the private and spiritual nature of Indian songs. However, I have chosen to include the following song by Twilo Scofield, an Oregon resident. The words were inspired by Native American speeches, appearing in the excellent collection by T.C. McLuhan, Touch the Earth (New Press, Toronto: 1971). Included are paraphrases of speeches given by two Northwest Indian leaders: Nez Perce Chief Joseph and Chief Dan George, a hereditary chief of the Coast Salish. Thanks to Oregon folklorist Barre Toelken for introducing me to this fine song.



Good words and broken promises, you gave, and we trusted you. You came to live in peace, you said, and that's all that we wanted too.

You lit our lodges for your campfires, in the ashes left dust and blood. We thought half our land would satisfy you, but we found that it never would.

You left us like birds with broken wings, all scattered like stones on the ground. But in silent fields and pathless woods, our dreams and our spirits are found.

For we have known when the forests were free, and the wind spirits roamed our land, And everything that was needed for life, we took with a gentle hand.

The sky is round and the earth is round, and the sun and the stars and the moon. The seasons all move in a circle too, and our spring will come again soon.

